### The Bane of Enjoyment—"What Will People Say?"

pendent we are on the opinion of our neighbors! It is more than extraordinary; it is pathetic. The approval or the consure of our neighbors is a veritable bushear that hampers our pleasures and doubles our difficulties.

It is a mystery to me why the opinion of outsiders should matter so dreadfully much. We don't care particularly for these outsiders-in fact, we may even positively dislike them-but all the same we are subservient to that wretched old saying that has wrecked many delightful little plans and many bright schemes namely, "What Will People Say?"

The Social Climber in particular is the victim of this dread self-communing. For upon the opinion of the high and mighty among whom he fondly aspires to sit hangs his social entree or his social downfall. He is never a free agent. Not for him to weigh his actions by his own standards of what is correct and fitting for him to do! No, indeed! He must submerge his own individuality in the opinions of others! By so doing he may gain the longed-for entrance into the society for which his soul yearns, but he will find that he has lost a measure of according to one's own standards is easential to moral growth.

hampered at every turn by this question of the opinion of their neighbors. "What will people say?" was really the watchword of their house. There was a very charming little daughter, who was particularly bright and intelligent.

Her father declared that he couldn't afford to send her to private school. What a lamentation ensued in that family at his very sensible decision!

"Oh, John," wailed his wife in a heartbroken way, "we simply can't let Mary go to public school! What will people

"Rubbish," said Mary's father, cheerfully. "Mary will get a splendid education and be out-of reach of all the foolish anobbery which goes on in these private schools. Even if I were a rich man, I would send her to public school."

But Mary's mother was inconsolable. She wept for days.

What is popularly known as "Keeping Up Appearances" is another bane much akin to "What Will People Say?" There are hundreds of husbands who literally are working themselves to death for this sole purpose. The phrase is deceptive, too,

nams he could possibly have; because he

was so gay and cheerful and because,

bright and early every morning. Tweek

would call to her, "tweek, tweek!" That

was his way of saying "good morning,

Tweek and his three brothers and two

sisters lived in a pretty little nest high

up in a big banana tree. They were such

tiny little birds, you see, and their nest

was so small and so carefully tucked

out of sight that, looking up from the

ground, you would never have guessed

When Tweek grew old enough to look

around a bit and to have opinions of

there was any nest there at all!

good morning!"

"but it isn't safe."

"Isn't safet" exclaimed Tweek, and he

ayed the pretty golden bunches thought-

rully, "how funny! They seem as pleas-

"Oh, the bananas are all right," replied

his mother, laughingly, "but every once in a while men come and with strong anives cut down the great bunches. Where would your home be then? Tell me that!"

Tweek looked at the fruit carefully, but

be answered not a word. If a determined to watch those benames and see for him-

self what happened.
So be watched and he watched-and

And all the time he was watching he was growing, has as you do. Till finally he was big enough to build his own nest and still colling had happened to those

hat was just a foolish notion of my her's," and Twace to himself. There been waiching all these works and

or busines, are there all right as eafe you present I from to build my next may them just as I plasmed to."

aut and peaceful as can be!"

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Bird's Nest That Took a Long Journey

It is an extraordinary thing how de- for the value of "appearances" is merely

relative. Mrs. Brown has a new carpet on her drawing room floor. Mrs. Jones happens to hear of the new carpet and immediately her own assumes a certain old and shabby appearance. The meta-morphosis is a swift one. "We simply must have a new carpet," she will declare. "You know we must keep up ap-

pearances!" The family food bill may have to be curtailed in order to purchase this new addition to the drawing room. But the family cats less cheerfully, for are they not 'Recping up appearances''?

Not only among those of moderate income is this subservience to the opinion of others practiced, but among the really rich, too. A certain wealthy family went to Europe early last summer. In Parts there were many delightful little places they really wanted to see, but their time was limited. They didn't care about some of the regular show places, but most religiously did they inspect them. "It would be too awful if we came home without seeing such-and-such," they would say with bated breath. "For what would people say?"

In Paris, too, I once witnessed another little comedy of this sort. It was at his own self-respect, For freedom to act the railway station, and the paterfamilias had taken second-class tickets for his family. They were going through to the Riviera and the tickets were already I know a delightful family who were bought, when up rushed his eldest daughter to the ticket office.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "the Smith Robertsons are aboard this train and they are traveling first-class. Please change the tickets at once! We couldn't possibly travel second when they are on board, for you know when we get back home to America they will tell everybody in the town. And what will people say?"

I watched, amused, to see what would happen. The father meekly changed the tickets for the more expensive ones, and later I saw an enthusiastic greeting beween him and paterfamilias Smith-Robertson. But I wondered how much real liking and sincerity could lie behind t all. For the bane of enjoyment involved in the eternal question, "What Will People Say?" is not conducive to either friendship or sincerity.

#### Music

There's music in the sighing of a reed, There's music in the gushing of a rill. There's music in all things if men had This earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Tweek tried to frighten them away. They cut down that very bunch of fruit

and sent it way off to another country.

And whether Tweek built another nest in the fruit, or whether he took his moth-

er's advice and built up high, I do not

But I do know this. A little girl went

marketing with her mother on a cold winter day. And as the bananas were

out for her mother, the groceryman found

Tweek's little nest. There it was tucked among the bananas just as Tweek had

made it, and the little girl took it home

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NORA BAYES ASKS DIVORCE

Actress Sues Third Husband in New

Nora Bayes, the actress, who lived at

Oak Lane before she made a reputation

on the stage, has started sult against her

solute divorce, according to dispatches

third husband, Harry Clarke, for an ab-

plies Needy Families.

Deserving poor living in the Kensington

tenement districts need no longer want

for wholesome fresh meats. The big

pork packing firm of Louis Burk, 3d street

and Girard avenue, has agreed to supply

the needy free, provided the applicants can prove their poverty is genuine.

Hundreds of families have taken advantage of this offer, but among the applicants were found many important.

icants were found many imposters. For its reason all persons applying for por-

tions of meat must first procure a note of recommendation from Lieutenant

of recommendation from Lieutenant Knoell, of the Front and Master streets

station. He is well acquainted with the needs of the poor of the section, and if they are in absolute want through no fault of their own they are readily grant-ed a note of recommendation.

Reunion of Jenkintown Firemen

The Independent Fire Company No. 2, of Jenkintown, celebrated its Eth anniversary when more than 100 members hold a bacquet and reunion last night. Andrew Graham, Chief Burgess, of Jenkintown; William L. Clayton, former Burgess; Rebert A. Lute, president of the company, and Chief Mahomy were among the reselver. More than the different of the Cold Yark road borough form the member-

York.

and kept it always.

AN ATTRACTIVE EVENING GOWN AND CAPE

# JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING, By CLAVER MORRIS

Guy Wimberiey, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberiey, and helr to the vast, Wimberiey estates, is in danger of death from two groups of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Meriet, a cousin of Guys, And Vertigan, science master at Harptree School, and Vertigan, accence master at Harptree School, is led by a Studying. The other gging is led by a Doctor Anderson, sister the school. John Driegh, head of Hartree School, is engaged to the school, the school of the school of the school, is engaged to the school of the school of the school is engaged to the school of the school of the school is engaged to the school of the sc DOWN in the sunny Southland there his little mate prepared to keep house Down in the sunny Southland there lived a tiny little bird whose mother called Tweek. Wasn't that a funny name? We would think so, but Tweek's came. They paid no attention to the warnings, to the shrill cries with which the control of the control of the shrill cries with which the control of t

Erieigh, after making sure that his past ill not be disclosed, prevails on Anne Wim-erley to marry him. They go on their honey-

beriev to marry him. They so on their noneymoon.

A year passes. John Erieigh has been compelled by Lord Arthur to break his engagement to Anne Wimberley. Lord Arthur succeds to the estates. Joan is still in love
with James Travers.

James has composed a great opera.
Vertigan blackmalls Ericigh and demands
1000 pounds.

Lord Arthur goes to Spain to unravel the
mystery of Guy's death.

He finds a clue through Roderigo Lonea, who
has seen a boy disguised as a sirl being taken
on a train. Lord Arthur suspects a prother of
Dick Merlet of being implicated. He returns
to England to find Lady Anne married.

CHAPTER XXX. "YES, I remember them well, three of them," said M. Poulain, proprietor of the Rose d'Or at Marsellles. "A big man and a little man, and a girl who walked like a boy and seemed to be an

"Not too bad."

"An English millord gave them to me," said he in a whisper. "Millord is a very rich man—more than two million francs a year, friend Poulain. How would you like a little of that to come your way?"

Poulain opened his eyes, closed them again, and shrugged his fat shoulders. "One of those three men we were speak-ing of," Lopez continued, "before your delicious wine made me forget the world

delicious wine made me forget the world and everything, is a most dearly beloved relation of milord. He wants news of him. He will pay for it."

"Which one!" queried Poulain sharply, "The short one with the scar on his chin. If you can help me to find him there will be 500 francs for you."

"Where is it?" said the landford, looking round the courtyard derisively. "I do not see it."

Lopes took 19 50-franc notes from his pocket and laid them on the table. Then he laughed and put them into his pocket

he laughed and por again.

"Where did they go—those three—from here?" queried the Spaniard.

"Am I to have the money for telling you that?"

"Fifty france," Lopes replied, and he laid one of the notes on the table. "and the rest if you give me all the information I remaire. Is that good samugh?"

"Na."

get," said Poulain, and he picked up the ing found-no wreckage, or even a botnote and looked at it.
"Well," said Lopez, "where did they

"Down to the harbor. They did not know that I followed them."
"Ah, friend Poulain, you are in the habit of following your guests, eh?"
"When they are not quite-well, what guests should be."
"They were odd ab these three?"

"They were odd, eh—these three?"
"Yes."
Lopez smiled and stroked his black mustache. The guests must have been odd indeed if they had aroused the suspicion of M. Poulain, who, if all accounts were to be believed, allowed some very queer characters to stay in his hotel.

"Odd in what way?"
"Well, the girl, who walked like a boyhalf dead she was, and no mistake. They took a private sitting room, and she never came downstairs till the day they left. But Jules, who waited on them, said she looked half dead. He spoke to her once and she did not answer him—just laughed in a silly sort of way."
"Well, what happened when they reached the harbor, friend Poulain""

"The girl, who was so ill she had to be carried, and the little man went on board a ship. The big man left them, and I went home after I had followed him to the station

"You took no further interest in them, eh?"

"No; so long as they were out of the town I did not care. I had found out enough to tell the police if they came to me-they do come at times, as you know country. It is only in England that the police do not care who comes or goes." "And the name of the ship? You doubt-

iess noted that?"
"The Marie Joseph—a small bark—the kind of ship people do not travel in. She set sail that same afternoon."
"For what port? I suppose you did not

inquire?" "Ah, there you are wrong. She was sailing for Valparaiso. Doubtless if you go there you will be able to find the dear

an official of the port authorities, and said "Has the Marie Joseph, a small barque, been in here recently?"
The official laughed, "No," he replied,
"and we are not likely to see her again
for some time."

"And why not, if I may ask?"
"Because, my friend, she is at the bot-Lopez frowned. The official assemed to be amused rather than sorry that a good ship had gone to her last reating place. "Wrecked, sh?" he said. "Misahus." om of the sea.'

"But that is the same as wrecked, is it 'In most cases, my friend, I am afraid

"In most cases, my friend, I am afraid that it is the same. One does not sail the seas for more than a year without being seen or coming into port."

Lopes took the official by the arm in a friendly fashion.

"I did not hear of it," he said. "I had friends on board. Where can I get information? I saw nothing in the newspapers."

papers."
"One does not see such things in the papers a few lines and that is all. Now, if she had been a great steamship—with "Then there is no news to be had of

None, I fear. How can there be news "When was she last sen? Was nothThe official laughed. "There was no wreckage," he replied, "but if you will come with me I will tell you where she was last seen."

Lopez went with the man into the office, and when carriage books and papers had

and when certain books and papers had been consulted he was told that the Marie Joseph had last been sighted in latitude

"Any message pass between her and the vessel that sighted her?" 'She signaled her name, port of departure and destination, and that 'all was well.' From that day to this she has hever been heard of. It is supposed that she went down in a hurricane which raged a few days afterwards and in which many ships perished."

"But there was nothing-not even a life "Nothing-so far. But one never knows.

metimes-years afterwards-there is a belt or piece of a boat. The ocean is a big place, my friend." Lopez thanked the official profusely, and returned to his bedroom at the Rose

D'Or. Lighting a cigar, he flung himself on his bed and studied the notes he had made. It seemed to him that, unless he could trace the man who had not sailed in the Marie Joseph he was likely to find himself up against a blank wall. The girl boy possibly, but he was not even certain of that—and the man believed to be William Meriet were beyond his reach. It was hardly likely that he could trace their movements back from this known point after so long an interval. He would have to try and find the big man, and that would be difficult, as he had not seen him without his beard. Moreover, he did not know his name. It would have been easier if the big man had salled in the

(Continued tomorrow.) Capyright, 1914, by the Associated News-papers, Limited.







A Gown for the South

from Elinor, asking me to send her a lace flounces being adorned with frock right away, as she finds she has silk rosebuds. not nearly enough gowns for the various occasions and parties she graces with on each shoulder with a little resebel, her company.

Now, Elinor didn't give me even a hint | things. of the sort of thing she wanted, beyond the fact that it was to be an evening gown-so I was rather at a loss at first to know just what I should select for her. For Elinor is very particular about her gowns, and it would be pretty awful if I chose the wrong thing. "You know my measurements, Doro-

thy," she wrote-on a postal card, in her illegible handwriting. "Get me something new and something that will suit me. I don't need to give you any hints or suggestions, for you have such good taste."

I am pleased with the compliment, but it worries me all the same. For to have to live up to a compliment like that is not easy!

I know that Elinor doesn't want to spend much on her gown. Really, the choosing of that frock is going to be a

Such luck! I have just secured a lovely new model for Elinor. It isn't expensive, but it looks as if it cost heaps and heaps of money. It is of white imported she receives the new evening gown

I have just had a most urgent letter mull, with a three-tier skirt, the

The bodice is of lace and muli, can the sleeves are just tiny little hits

things.

A girdle of Antwerp bine velvet is enthe loose ends tying in front with a seless air. I am sure that Elinor enthe less air. I am sure that Elinor enthe less air. I am sure that Elinor enthe less that Elinor enthe less that It is just the sort of all that is becoming to her.

Mamma was with me when I bouries and from the store we went as a

and from the store we went on b dressmakers, to see if her new cape is ready.

cape is ready.

That cape is really a wonder. It is of some exquisite figured taffeta that longed to a great-grandmother, and simply will not wear out, although seems to have graced various far members of our family for genera It is so stiff and lovely that it can It is so stiff and lovely that it can alone. I really envy mamma that of the dressmaker has designed it cleverly. Of course, it is yards and wide, and draped at the back. A flounce goes around the bottom. The lar is plain and stands up high, finished at back with a large black yet. how

## Mrs. Patrick Campbell's

Advice on Clothes "My clothes always bore me to death," said Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the well-known English actress, "and whenever I see anything that I really want. I find that I can't afford it. I like to dress my parts properly, but I hate thinking about my own clothes. I don't think about them—I don't consider it necessary. It takes a superlor person to live up to a gorgeous costume. One sees to many gorgeous costume. One sees so many women who are overpowered by their clothes, who are quite lost in them. What one wears should always be subordinate to what one is. If women would only realize how much more effective are simple gowns that give the personality a chance than the elaborate affairs which make one feel that a bundle of clothes has suddenly become endowed with locometion. comotion.

"It is much worse to be overdressed than underdressed," continued Mrs. Campbell. "I don't want my first impression of a woman to be of a hat or a blouse, or an evening gown. I want to have a glimpse of her individuality, the thing that makes her different from every one else in the world. Whatever every one else in the world. Whatever her clothes may be they should give this thing a chance. If they don't, then they are the wrong clothes. Do you suppose I ever think of what my friends wear?

Of course, I don't."
"Nearly all women feel most natural and unconstrained in simple things, which is unconstrained in simple things, which is another reason why simplicity in dress is the pest guide to follow. The well dressed woman wears her clothes as if they belonged to her, and doesn't look as if she's just stepped out of a shop or down from a Christmas tree.

"I do believe in freshness and daintiness for women. Even if one can't afford to spend much money on one's dress, one can wear immaculate shoes and gloves and collars. They add so much

Joseph had last been sighted in latitude
46, longitude 15. The official produced a
map and showed him the exact spot.

"Wouldn't that be rather out of her
course?" said Lopez.

"Yes, very much out of her course, my
friend. She ought to have been a thousand miles to the west of that, on her
way round Cape Horn."

"Any message pass between her and are different types. Then, here you have the fashion of living so much outside your homes, of dining frequently at hotels and restaurants, and it is only natural that you should dress more. Most American women have more money to spend on-dress than English women of similar social position, and I think American men, who are so kind and generous, en-joy seeing their women in beautiful and arresting costumes.

"It is the truth that I do not think about clothes," reiterated Mrs. Campbell, "why, I am still wearing a dress that I've had for four years and I am proud

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the fellowing suggestions sent in by readers of the Evenino Labour prizes of \$1 and 16 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Byzning Labour, Independence Equare, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. S. K. Dudley, 1851 North 22d street, Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion: A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs.

S. H. Dudley, 1851 North 23d street, Philadelphis, for the following suggestion:

Four lye in and around the holes where rats come out, and all around sides of cellar, near walls. Use it plentifully. It



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

A prize of 50 cents has been awards Mrs. M. J. Stevens, 2760 K street. 5 Diego, Cal., for the following sugarate A suggestion for making a cent

Take a plain linen towel about the quarters or one yard long, fold it so that the two ends meet in the conthen sew up the sides, and you landce combing case to keep your shrush and hairpins all together. using, open out on dresser and you everything handy and it protects, dresser. When through, fold up and

A prize of 50 cents has been award Mrs. J. Trefz, 2739 Poplar street, Palls phia, for the following suggestion:
When doing any quantity of water the fingers sometimes become soit is shriveled. This unpleasant state as altered by rubbing kitchen salt halo and holding them in cold water, to see and holding them in cold water, to a little vinegar has been added. In an experience of my own, and I am excellent remedy.

A prize of 50 cents has been sweet Miss Hess McMeanmin, 3854 Farrisk Philadelphia, for the following suggest If your oven will not brown your

50 Free Free Trips Trips

## To the Panama Pacific and San Diego Expositions

Fifty guests of the Public Ledger-Evening Ledger will see both expositions without a cent of expense. Railroad fares, sleeping cars, meals, hotel accommodations, admissions to expositions, everything will be paid. You can be one of the lucky fifty for just a little work in your spare time. No experience necessary-the Ledger will show you how. Send in your coupon today.



NOWI

Contestant's Entry Blank

Public Ledger Evening Led Independence Square, Philadelphia Please enter my name as a contact the Panama-Pacific Exposition Tour. \*

fiend me all the necessary information

